

Sunday morning awoke
As I recall the uttered screams of families and peers
The sounds echoed, ear to ear
Poland was it, a cold and cruel place to be
That day was not a sight to see
Men with symbols and guns
Invaded, killed, and tied many so that we may not run
What they want? Justice to Jews
Why? If only I knew
Run! Live on child! Be free!
The screams of my beloved parents echoed
As far as my periphery could see
My friend Daisy Leier's screams roared
As her father and mother were killed
I wasn't able to hold still
Running, crying, afraid
Wondering if my parents would end up the same way
I looked at the sky without any say
Picturing my life without my father, my mother
Why even bother?
Thirty years have passed since then

I feel as though it was a sin

Leaving them behind

How to endure such pain?

If all you could do is try to be sane?

My beloved parents would've believed it was the best for me

They did it, so that I could live to be

I can imagine my father saying

Stop whining about our slaying

I'll continue on to live for my family

Eighty years still with sturdy bones

I am grown and alone